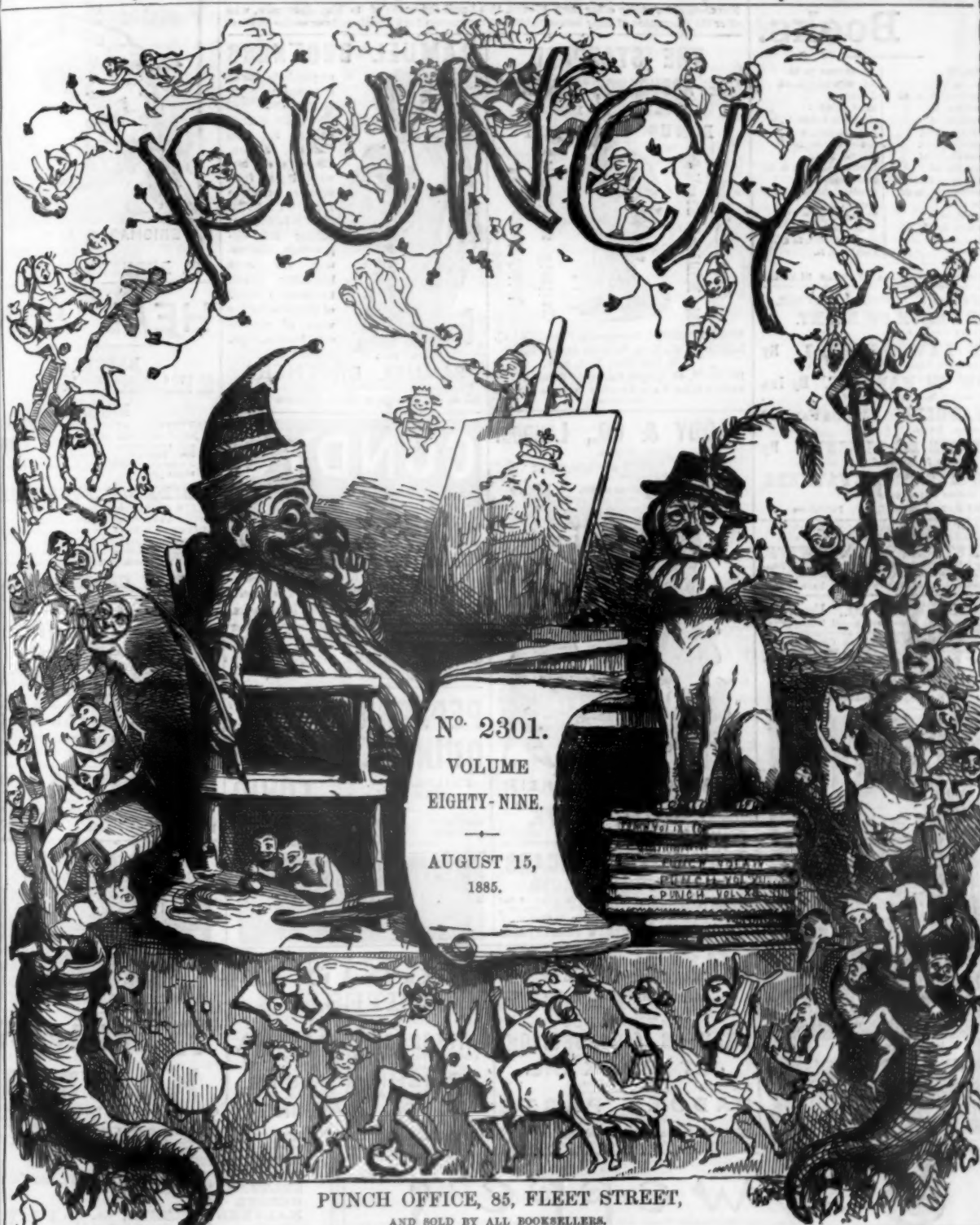


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THE OYSTER AND THE GROUSE.



On a sweltering August afternoon,
As the SPEAKER dismissed the House,
A Native Oyster wept on the breast
Of a sympathetic old Grouse.
"Pity me, comrade," he sobbed, "for
deep

My mental anxieties are;
The dredging season commenced last
week,
Though this isn't a month with an R!

"In days less cruel and greedy than
these

I was safe while the Dog-Star shone;
I could fatten in peace and dreamily
gape

My subaqueous bed upon.
I could slumber, lulled by the lapping
wave,

Through the heat of an August day,
Or, whistling softly, the gambols watch
Of my innocent spat at play.

"But a law, which I cannot hesitate
To denounce as a license to crime,
Permits the vile dredger to hyke me up
Just a month before my time.
This savage, indecent, gluttonous haste
To deprive me of life is due
To the basest of human propensities,
From the Oyster's point of view."

"Be of good comfort!" the Grouse
replied,

"My griefs are as great as thine;
The month that endangers thy precious
life

Is fatal to me and mine.
For our enemy, Man, at this time of
year,

Is bent upon shooting me down,
That he may devour my roasted re-
mains

At dinner with crumbs fried brown.

"The summertime through he has
chuckled with joy

To hear I was hardy and strong;

In the House, as the deadly Twelfth
drew nigh,
The debates he has deemed too long;
And now that the Session's chatter is
done—

A marvel of wasted breath—
He is off with his dogs and gillies and
gun
To the moors, to compass my death.

"We are one in our perils, my mollusc
friend,
We are one in our family woes,
For our toothsome bodies are coveted
now

By greedy, unscrupulous foes,
Who gloat on our fatness in leaders and
"pars"
With outbursts of fiendish glee,
And lick their lips at the hideous
thought

Of swallowing thee and me!"

"A curse upon science!" the Oyster
exclaimed,

As the tears his cheeks ran down,
"On the locomotive that brings us up
fresh

To the gormandising Town!
On the newspaper ghouls,—when I
think of them

I can never choose but weep,—
Who revel in gruesome forecasts that
we

Shall abound this year, and be cheap!"

Thus sadly, that August afternoon,
The Oyster did wail and whine,

While the brilliant eye of the Grouse
was dimmed

With unfamiliar brine.
But he who heard them lament was
glad,

And a smile illumined his face,
As he prophesied, "Natives a penny
apiece,

And Grouse at three shillings a
brace!"

PAGES FROM A DIARY

Kept by the Acting-Assistant, Deputy Sub-Editor of the
Official Court Circular.

SUNDAY.—There are so many important facts omitted from the daily record of Royal doings with which I have the honour to be connected, that I have determined to make them public. For instance, although the *Circular* gives the name of the happy Divine selected for the enviable distinction of preaching before HER MAJESTY and the Royal Family, no mention is made of the character and effect of his sermon. It was twenty minutes long, and during the first quarter of an hour every occupant of the Queen's Pew was awake. It was only during the last five minutes that two Princes and a Princess (whose names are suppressed for obvious reasons) slumbered.

Prince CHRISTIAN of Schleswig-Holstein (who stayed to luncheon) expressed much satisfaction with "vinegar-jam," a new sort of pickles, which H.R.H. has recently invented.

Monday.—The *Circular*, although announcing the fact that the QUEEN and Princess BEATRICE took a drive in the morning, omitted to mention that *Spot*, the favourite colley of H.R.H., was in attendance.

H.R.H. Prince HENRY of Battenberg spent a large portion of the morning in learning ten pages of *How to Speak English in a Fortnight*, by Professor SAUERKRAUT, of Berlin.

Prince CHRISTIAN (who stayed to luncheon) expressed much approval of a ten-pound pot of *paté de foies gras* which had the honour of supplying H.R.H.'s entire meal.

Tuesday.—The QUEEN and the Princess BEATRICE took a drive in a pony-carriage. The *Circular* omitted to mention that the Mistress of the Robes was accommodated with a seat on the box.

Prince CHRISTIAN of Schleswig-Holstein (who stayed to luncheon) was graciously pleased to express his approval of the soup, fish, roast beef, and curried rabbit.

Wednesday.—The Prince and Princess of WALES took a cruise in their yacht, the *Aline*, accompanied by T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of CONNAUGHT, the Princess LOUISE, the Prince and Princess HENRY of Battenberg, Prince CHRISTIAN of Schleswig-Holstein (who came on board in time for five o'clock tea), Prince and Princess of BATTENBERG, T.S.H. the Count and Countess VON PUMPERNICKEL, Baron RUMPELTSTEFEN, Baron STULZE, Count VON HOMBURG, Prince SPOONNICKEL, Baron FROG, and the Marquis of LORNE. A large number of Ladies and Gentlemen of the Court were also honoured with an invitation. Owing to a breeze springing up, some of the company were accommodated with places on an accompanying Ryde and Portsmouth steamboat. The band of the Royal Marine Artillery were in attendance.

Prince CHRISTIAN of Schleswig-Holstein (who stayed to luncheon), expressed his approval of a superb dish of liver and bacon, a *plat* specially prepared for H.R.H.

Thursday.—This being the forty-first birthday of the Duke of EDINBURGH, H.R.H. called upon the Prince and Princess of WALES, the Duke and Duchess of CONNAUGHT, the Duchess of ALBANY, the Princess LOUISE, Marchioness of LORNE, the Prince CHRISTIAN of Schleswig-Holstein (who was not at home), and a large number of H.R.H.'s friends and acquaintances. The birthday presents accepted by H.R.H. were more numerous than costly, with the exception of those offered by the Royal household, which were of the value sanctioned by precedent.

Prince CHRISTIAN of Schleswig-Holstein (who stayed to luncheon), was the only member of the Royal Family present at that meal. H.R.H. graciously shared the viands prepared for the members of the Royal Household.

Friday.—Prince CHRISTIAN of Schleswig-Holstein (who stayed to luncheon), inspected the Royal Kitchen, and spent a considerable time in examining the wine-cellar and larder, graciously testing their contents.

Saturday.—Prince and Princess HENRY of Battenberg accompanied one another to-day (the first time this week), for a walk. Two ladies and three equerries (on horseback) were in attendance. In the afternoon His Royal Highness proceeded to London, while the Princess accompanied Her Majesty in a closed pony carriage, to make some purchases in Ryde. The weather was inclement.

Prince CHRISTIAN of Schleswig-Holstein (who stayed to luncheon), is suffering from indisposition.

THE OUTGOING GOVERNMENT TO THE SPEAKER.—"Mori-tories to salutant."



THE MOMENTOUS QUESTION.

"Now, JOHN, YOU MUST DECIDE WHERE IT'S TO BE! SHALL WE SAY SCARBOROUGH?" "No, THE JONESSES ARE THERE!"

"FOLKESTONE!" "No. THAT'S WHERE THE BROWNS HAVE GONE TO!"

"ILFRACOMBE, THEN!"

"No, HANG IT!—THINK OF THE ROBINSONS ALL OVER THE PLACE!"

[And so, ad infinitum, through every Seaside Resort in the three kingdoms.]

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THERE hasn't been for some time a better number of MACMILLAN'S *English Illustrated Magazine* than this one for August. Some of the illustrations are charming.

Beneath the Dark Shadow is the first instalment of a tale intended, like the Fat Boy's story, to make your flesh creep. Dropping into verse, we may say,—

The *English Illustrated Magazine*

Is the cheapest that ever was seen;

'Tis published each month by the far-famed MACMILLAN.

It only costs sixpence, though well worth a shillin'.

In the *Fortnightly* there is an article which we have read with great interest. It is on "The New Naturalism," and its Author is a Lilly, not the Jersey Lilly, but Mr. W. S. LILLY. Far as most Englishmen will go with him in his estimate of GORGON-ZOLA, yet I doubt whether eminent Surgeons, on the vivisectionist side, will allow some of his general assertions to pass unchallenged. Mr. Punch, whose tender heart bleeds at the idea of injuring even a black-beetle—ugh!—is in favour of Vivisection under certain stringent restrictions. If he were sure that he could confer on the whole human race, by vivisectioning *Toby*, such an inestimable boon as would make the performance of that painful operation a solemn and sacred duty, then, with *Toby's* consent, but not without, he would sacrifice his own feelings, and offer up *Toby* at the shrine of humanity. "What's the next article?" Oh, a most interesting one on the Newspaper Press in Paris.

In the same magazine Dr. MORREL MACKENZIE'S *Rejoinder* to Dr. DONKIN—an unfortunate name, so suggestive of, "if I had a DONKIN what wouldn't go"—is brilliant and instructive. It introduces us to a "fabulating Laryngologist who has indicated the prophylactic," and who calls gout "the refuge for the destitute diagnos-

A PLAGUE OF ADJECTIVES.

"Fudge!" said Mr. Burchell.—*Vicar of Wakefield.*

[Lord HARTINGTON, replying to Lord R. CHURCHILL'S attack upon Lord RIPON, said: "It is impossible to argue against adjectives such as those used by the noble Lord."]

ARGUE with Adjectives? No, my dear HARTINGTON,

That is a task to drive common sense frantic,

Harder than that of the besom-armed PARTINGTON

Sweeping away at the foaming Atlantic.

Fighting a locust-swarm's nothing at all to it,

Epithets now have such superfection,

No one, without an imperative call to it,

Cares to encounter that plague of the nation.

Public life now is a sort of a pillory,

Where one must stand to be pelted with phrases;

Sweeter to lie with a "weed" and dry Sillery,

Eyes to the heavens and back to the daisies.

Adjectives! Adjectives! Reason is sick of them,

Every young nincompoop perched on a platform

Thinks he's a Jove whilst he scatters the pick of them.

Billingsgate only his equal in *that* form.

Substantive statement, sound sense, and solidity.

All seem superfluous, only the chatterer

Inolent adjectives hurls with avidity;

Statesman? Dear no! but a splendid mud-spatterer,

Vulgar invective's the test of ability,

With that crass mob who are sweet on denouncing,

Chivalry's timid, and tame is civility,

CLEON must now be eternally trouncing.

Nouns may need *nous*, verbs need handling with clarity,

Hooroo for adjectives! they will enable

A fellow to chuck over logic, taste, charity,

Landing him safe in a Billingsgate-Babel.

HARTINGTON yes, argument is mere vanity

Tried on a CALLAN, a BIGGAR, a CHURCHILL,

Only true "counter" for vulgar insanity

The expletive simple of good Mr. Burchell!

Conquest and "Conveyance."

As touching an active Colonial policy, meaning the proposed conquest of Madagascar, the French Government declare that "Civilisation requires it of them, and when civilisation is in question France must be in the van." If France will seize upon the territory of people against their will, there is a van, well known at Bow Street, in which, were it possible, France ought to ride.

tician." Then Dr. MACKENZIE playfully terms the stomach and the liver "scapegoats." It is quite a happy thought. "O my lungs and liver! O goroo, goroo!" Henceforth let the sufferer say, "I've a pain in my scapegoat;" or, "I think my scapegoat isn't acting properly," and so forth. Dr. DONKIN,

Though in a frenzy

With Doctor MACKENZIE,

has our best thanks for having given the Rejoinder. One such a first-rate chance.

PROOF VERY POSITIVE.

THE following extract from the *Times* of the 4th inst. tells its own simple, yet mysterious tale, in a manner which argues such exceptional powers of weighing evidence on the part of the Reporter, that Mr. Punch would suggest that gentleman's immediate promotion to the Bench. He would, however, very much like to know what passed while the strange man Biggs was "put back?" How suggestive of a shilling story and title! With the present sequel of Mrs. Biggs "looking after Biggs" especially, think of it!

"At the Thames Police-court, THOMAS BIGGS, an elderly, gentlemanly-looking man, was charged on his own confession with causing the death of his wife. Medical and other evidence having been given, Mr. LUSHINGTON had the prisoner put back, and in the afternoon his wife attended the court, which clearly proved there was no foundation for his statement, and on her promising to look after her husband in future, Mr. LUSHINGTON discharged him."

But who gave evidence that the person calling herself Mrs. Biggs was the Mrs. Biggs in question? Herself or her husband? However, if the Reporter was satisfied—he was there, and we weren't—that's everything—or nearly everything.



"THE TUG OF WAR."

(From a Randolphian point of view. Suggested by Mr. Harding Cox's well-known Picture.)

If the slaves of the Tram-car complain of their fourteen and a half hours of labour "in the open air," which their Chairman seemed to consider quite an attraction, what will be thought of the Jew tailors in the East End, who, during the busy season, are compelled, according to an article in the *P. M. G.*, to work sixteen hours a day, and this in anything but the open air. They get during this time two pounds a week. But not afterwards. The "bastards" toil from seven

A.M. to midnight. The bastards are those who keep them at it, poor bastards! And the "pressers" sometimes earn seven shillings a day, and they work till midnight too. We pity the pressers, and should like to tackle the oppressors.

SUGGESTION TO SOCIAL REFORMERS. — "La petite c'est le col." Corollary: Prosecution is persecution.

ASTRONOMICAL AND SPORTING. — Aug. 12. Linsen Day for Shooting Stars.

NEW READING. — Be then as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape — CALLAN, oh!

ONE OF MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S latest speeches is very generally considered as Hull-tra Radical.

"HARD LINES,"
"RICHARDSON'S
Show!" Tram-car
performances!
Those of the North
Metropolitan Tram-
cars Co. seem to be
very hard lines. Mr.
Richardson, the
Chairman, did his
best to show it was
all right—more or
less. But Muster
RICHARDSON'S Show
wasn't quite satis-
factory all round as
it might have been,
specially when the
Pall-Mall Gazette
ferret went to work
to get at the truth
about Tram-cars.
Over fourteen hours
a day is a pretty good
dose of it; and, if
this is absolutely
the case, then the
Tram-car man's lot
is not a happy one.
Adapting an old
song of the over-
worked alavay — it
was Caliban who
sang it in a Bur-
lesque, by the Bro-
thers, Barov, in
The Tempest, before
such liberties taken
with the Bard
shocked the dainty
Critics—the Tram-
car man might well
sing, —
"From morn to night I
work like winkin',
Up and down and
turn about,
With scarce ard time for
grub or drinkin'.
And they seldom lets
me have a Sunday
out."
Let us hope that
this state of things
will rapidly improve,
without injury to the
nine per cent. divi-
dend, and that the
"Rider," to reduce
the hours, and give
the men more rest,
may be—as riders
should be—carried
by N.M. Tram-car Co.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, August 3.—“We are all enjoying our Bank Holiday,” said **BOURKE**, just now, in explanation of reason why certain Papers were not published.

Quite true: only, like our forefathers known to **FROISSART**, we are taking our pleasure sadly. House not very full, and everybody dead beat.

“Most curious thing,” said **CHRISTOPHER SYKES**, worn almost to a shadow with unremitting attendance upon Parliamentary duties,



J. B., the Polite Letter Writer.

fill the streets with brawls when they reach Town, storm the public-houses at half-past twelve, beat their wives by way of greeting, wake in the morning with a headache that only more drink will cure, and resolve at least to make half a week of it? Why should there be one law for the poor and another for the rich? And why should both Houses of Parliament be debarred from the innocent joys and pleasures provided by **LUBBOCK** for the great body of the toiling masses?”

However, it's no use fighting against the law, and instead of taking a day in the country with the rest, here we are slaving away at the Criminal Law Amendment Bill. Got this through Committee by Ten o'clock; took up Scotch Secretary Bill, upon which **LYON PLATFAIR** delivered luminous speech, in course of which, he observed that duties of proposed new Secretary were “like a Haggis.”

“Yes, but what's a Haggis like?” said **ASHMEAD-BARTLETT**, still athirst for information.

PLATFAIR very properly took no notice of interruption. A man who didn't know a Haggis when he met one, was not worth devoting attention to.

Tuesday, 5.10 A.M.—Going home with the Milkman, having spent cheerful night with the Irish Labourer. Passed Bill through Committee. Don't know what it's about. Understand it's meant to help Parnellites in coming General Election. Anyhow, they insisted upon proceeding with it to-night, and of course we had to stay.

Might have got home twenty minutes ago, only for Infants' Bill. Don't know what this Bill was about, either. **JOSEPH GILLIS** says he believes it's a Bill to Put Down Infants, but isn't sure. **BRIGGS** looking in in the early morning, as is his custom, found **HART DYKE** asleep on two chairs in library, exhausted with the Irish Labourer.

“What's the matter now?” **DYKE** asked, waking when division-bell changed.

“An infant crying for the light,
An infant crying in the night,
And with no language but a cry,” said **BRIGGS**.

“Take it out of that,” said **DYKE**, handing **BRIGGS** a box of wax matches, and, turning over on his side, was fast asleep again.

Business done.—Up all night, winding up business.

Tuesday Night.—Ireland again, with small hours of the night given up to Scotland. **PARNELL** back after mysterious disappearance of over a week. Understood he was away trying some fresh experi-

ments with his hair. Quite expected to see him come in with crown shaved and hair otherwise cropped close. But adheres to earlier style of **OSCAR WILDE**. Whispered among the Boys that he's taken an oath neither to shave or cut his hair till **JOSEPH GILLIS** is made a Baronet.

“Why,” he asks, “should **RANDOLPH** get something for all his men, whilst I have nothing to bestow? **JOSEPH GILLIS** shall be a B.B.K. **TIM HEALY** shall be Attorney-General for Ireland; and as for **SEXTON**, he shall be appointed Commissioner to Chili, or some other place where it will take him long time to go out and back. Not going to have **RANDOLPH** crowing over me!”

At midnight House in Committee on Scotch Fisheries Bill. **DYKE** Worms in charge.

“Oh!” said **O'SHEA**, looking in, and preparing to leave immediately. “Worms and Fishing. How appropriate. Ground-bait, I suppose?”

“No,” said **RAMSAY**, wondering how he could make such a mistake; “Sea-Fisheries.”

Business done.—Several Bills advanced.

Wednesday.—Appropriation Bill on. On this Motion all kinds of subjects may be discussed. **O'BRIEN** took opportunity of calling attention to letter purporting to have been written by **ERRINGTON** to **GRANVILLE** on the subject of appointment of Archbishop of DUBLIN. **ERRINGTON** made capital and convincing reply. “How did the letter come into **O'BRIEN**'s hands? It was either a forgery or was stolen.” More than this the new “barnet,” as **O'BRIEN** calls him, declined to say. **JOSEPH GILLIS**, with most judicial air, expressed his opinion that **ERRINGTON** had given no answer “because he really had none.” But, on the whole, **O'BRIEN** probably sorry he spoke. Not a nice thing to be fixed with alternative, however blandly put, of endeavour to make use of a letter that is either forged or stolen.

Honours of debate remained with **PAT O'BRIEN**. In very best oratorical manner, and mind full of glowing thoughts, after giving his opinion on the Errington affair, **SIR PAT** deviated into disquisition on the new Tory Democracy. Thence, naturally led into review

of the history of the **MARLBOROUGH**s, with respect to the historical tergiversation of the founder of the family. **SIR PAT** was inflexibly just. “One day,” he said, “this dual family were followers of **WILLIAM**. Another day they were followers of **JAMES**. “But,” he continued, in a voice of thunder, “we have had a woman in England—a **SARAH**—and I will ask whether the **SARAH** of former days has fallen away, and whether there ought not to be in the present day a feminine descendant of the great dukedom of **MARLBOROUGH**?” All this **SIR PAT** uttered, with his eye resting upon **RANDOLPH**, whose presence had evidently inspired this flight of eloquence. House



Sir P. O'Brien invokes the Divine Sarah.

roared with laughter. **RAMSAY** seriously puzzled.

“What's the man at?” he asked **SIR GEORGE BALFOUR**. “What's the Duke of **MARLBOROUGH** to do with the letter from **ERRINGTON** to **GRANVILLE**, that **O'BRIEN** says he's got; and who's **SARAH**? The man's clean daft, and what people are laughing at I don't know.”

The flood of **SIR PAT**'s eloquence stopped by accidental dropping into bad language. Gliding naturally from the Great **SARAH** to question before the House, drew graphic picture of Attorney-General for Ireland kissing **O'BRIEN** on both cheeks, and asking him to attack “those damned Whigs.” **SPEAKER**, trying to look as if he hadn't been laughing, gravely interposed. **SIR PAT**, knowing he'd put his foot in it, hastily withdrew the remark, and presently brought remarkable oration to a close.

“I do not,” said **RANDOLPH**, “know a more delightful or interesting speaker than **SIR PATRICK O'BRIEN**. When he rises to address the House he has no notion of what he is going to say; and when he sits down his audience have not the least idea of what he has meant to say.”

Business done.—Appropriation Bill read Third Time.

Thursday.—Couldn't make out the other day what **RANDOLPH** was at. “**TOBY**, old man,” says he, “wish you'd look up in *Mangnall's* Questions, or somewhere else, how many Viceroy's there are. I'm busy with these Indian figures, and don't want to get mixed.”

"Can find only three," I told him later. "There's Ireland, India, and Canada."

"Dear me," says RANDOLPH, "only three! And I've gone and used one up already. However, must make the best of what remains."

This all dark to me at the time. Understand it now. RANDOLPH came on to-night with Indian Budget. For first hour toiled along through mazes of figures, which few listened to, and fewer still



A RIFON CURRY À LA SURPRISE.

Randolfce Jabberanwakabhoj (the new Indian "Chef," addressing Lord H-r-t-n-g-t-n). "I think, Sahib, I've made it hot enough for you?"

understood. When he got to end, RANDOLPH took off his coat, carefully folded it up, put it down on seat behind, frowned on Grand Cross to let him know he'd better not be up to any larks when his back was turned, rolled up his shirt-sleeves, and went for Lord RIFON.

Nobody expected this, least of all RIFON, who at the moment was placidly dressing for dinner.

"Ha! Ha!" cried RANDOLPH, dancing round stuffed figure of ex-Viceroy. "Clumsy!" (and he bunged up one eye). "Stupid!" (and he fetched him one on the conk). "A crime!" (the other eye closed); "and a blunder" (final blow laid ex-Viceroy on his back). All this of course in a Parliamentary sense.

"I think that rather astonished them, TOBY," he said, after it was all over. "Fun of it was, they never thought what was coming. Worst of it is, I'm using them up so fast, and supply strictly limited. Knocked over two Viceroy's within a week. Shall save up LONSDALE for a bit."

Business done.—Indian Budget brought in.

Friday.—A quiet night. Very few here, and these in low spirits. Criminal Law Amendment Bill being discussed, with one eye on the Housing of the Working Classes Bill. If Criminal Law Amendment Bill were disposed of before half-past twelve, t'other would come on. But if talk can be kept up till 12:30, must stand over. So opponents of the Housing of Working Classes Bill talked at length on Criminal Law Amendment Bill up to half-past twelve. When clock struck half hour, talk suddenly collapsed. Criminal Law Amendment Bill passed; Housing of the Working Classes Bill passed over. That's how we sometimes do work in the House of Commons.

HIGH LIFE BELOW-STAIRS.—A large Clock, with Westminster Chimes, was presented to the Princess BEATRICE by the Queen's and Her Royal Highness's "dressers." Very nice of the dressers; what did the kitchen-table send?

VERY SIMPLE REMEDY.—"Cannot something be done," Truth asked last week "to stop the perpetually recurring 'suicide from Highgate Archway'?" Certainly. Take down the Archway.

OFF THE STAGE.—When an inimitable Actor has retired, anyone may abuse him, in his absence of course, without fear of contradiction, because there will be no one to take his part.

An eminent Theologian said he was perfectly acquainted with the *Sayings of St. Thomas*, but he had never heard of "*St. Martin's Summa*." This Theologian has much to learn.

HIGH-SKY-HIGH COMPLIMENTS.

"THE Emperor, determined to do fitting honour to his august visitor, not only ordered the celebrated old Prussian family dinner-service, and Recco dessert plates to be brought hurriedly from Berlin, but had every picture, excepting only those of the Austrian Kaiser and his fair Consort, much to the surprise of the attentive proprietor of the Badeschloss, ruthlessly swept from the walls of his temporary drawing-room."—*Gastien Correspondent.*

En suite.—From a Distinguished Invalid's Diary.

9 A.M.—Took the waters. Feel as fresh as ever. Fancy calling this place *Bad-Gastein*! I call it *good Gastein*, and the more gas turned on the better.—N.B. I'll keep that joke for the gala dinner this afternoon. That reminds me. Must receive him becomingly. Will go and see what sort of quarters they have given him at the Straubinger.

10 A.M.—Have had all the matting, bedroom-carpet, and oil-cloth taken up, and have telegraphed to Potsdam for the Great FREDERICK's Imperial sheeting. Have also ordered front of Hotel to be painted Prussian blue, picked out with Hapsburg eagles, and the Waiters and Proprietor to appear at breakfast in the full-dress uniform of the 73rd Pomeranian Radetzki Dragoons. Think that's neat. Walk back, wearing a Hungarian leopard-skin wraprascal, and am heartily cheered.

11 A.M.—Don't half like the look of the entrance-hall and staircase. Have telegraphed to Potsdam for two dozen double-lounged *dos-à-dos* Imperial ottomans, and for the great chandelier from the Opera-house at Hamburg. Dear me—here they are! and I've not yet picked out my uniform. I think a Silesian Grenadier Drum-major (drum and all) will surprise them. Capital idea! I'll try it.

2 P.M.—They have come, but owing to FRANCIS-JOSEPH being disguised, which I didn't expect, as a trumpeter of the White Cuirassiers (BISMARCK's Own) in undress, I embraced the coachman by mistake. This has produced a splendid ovation, but hope it won't affect the money market. Empress ELIZABETH very gracious. Offered her a complete set of ball-room curtains from Babelsberg. Pleased, I think, and surprised. Ha! here's dinner.

6 P.M.—Dinner great success. Compliment implied in family soup-tureen almost seen without explanation. Dessert over. Have put on several loose Austrian sabretashes, and insisted on walking over and seeing them off. Crowd enthusiastic. Empress still charming. Promised her a dozen loo-tables and the whole of the fourth-storey furniture at Stolzenfels. FRANCIS-JOSEPH unrecognisable as a North German Port Admiral. However, directed by THUN, managed to embrace him this time. Off at last. Excitement quite affecting. Have sent soup-tureen and two potato-dishes after them by special courier on horseback. Everybody touched to hysterics. To the Badeschloss again by a back way quietly. Interesting day.

OFFICIUM CUM DIGNITATE.

THE ever glib and youthful Secretary of State for India, the other day in his place in Parliament, solemnly, and with a serious sense of his responsibility as a Minister of the Crown, described the necessity he was under of introducing a Budget with a deficit of a million and a half, as "hard lines." Here are some more handy and elegant phrases for him.

Reply to a late Indian Secretary, who has charged him with imperilling the destinies of the Empire by a persistent pursuance of his present policy.—Yah! get out! You're another!

Peroration of stirring and patriotic speech insisting on the paramount value of India as an integral portion of the British Empire.—Now mind, no error. I tell you what it is: the Country has got a pot of money on it!

Specimen of satiric political threat addressed to aged Members of the Front Opposition Bench who have intimated their intention of prolonging a debate.—Look here! If you old duffers don't shut up, why, I'm blessed if I won't take the whole lot of you with my left hand—There! Oh!

Passing reference to Lord Ripon.—He's a blooming Viceroy, he is!

But examples need not be continued. It must be obvious, from the above specimens, what a homely turn may be given to the debates of the future if new Members will only take a leaf out of the Member for Woodstock's latest Parliamentary Play-ground Note-Book.

QUESTION FOR THIS WINE'DAY.—Was Mr. WINE canonised when he was raised to the Upper House, and called "St. Oswald"?

WHY is a Bird from the Moore at this season of the year not so dear as Grouse? When it's a little Cheeper.



MUSIC AT HOME. (IN THE COUNTRY HOUSE.)

Herr Bémolski (by request). "AON, IF YOUR LATYSHIP SHALL CRACIOUSLY BERMIT, I SHALL BLAY FOR YOU MY RONTO ANTANTINO GABRIOCIOSO IN F MOLL!"

Noble Hostess. "OH, THAT WILL BE VERY NICE! I'M AFRAID THE PIANO IS NOT IN FIRST-RATE ORDER, BY THE BYE. OUR TUNER DIED A FEW YEARS AGO, AND WE'VE NEVER BEEN ABLE TO FIND ANOTHER!"

ONE WARNING MORE!

WARNING? What wealthy citizen should need it?

True public spirit would anticipate
The Censor's cry, not stiffly scorn to heed it.
How long must Bumble-palsied London wait,

Despite plain decency and common sense,
The crass caprice of callous opulence?

Æsthetic argument, of course, falls blunted
On our true Babylonian Pachyderm.
True, Little Pedlington might be affronted,
And Hole-cum-Corner Philistines might squirm,
At being thought oblivious of the duty
Of paying civic reverence to Beauty.

But your true Cockney Croesus smiles superior

Upon the sentimental claims of Taste;
What matters it if London's grey exterior
Be one huge sacrifice to greed—and paste,
So gold in swollen coffers is piled quicker,
Thanks to the Stucco-fiend and the Bill-Sticker?

No, no, our "Citizen of no mean City"
Shares not the pride of Athens or old Rome;
He does not care (Shame murmurs, "More's the pity!")

To have a grand or decorative home.
What interest has he in dome or tower—
Unless as conduit for a Danæe shower?

Pass that! Our London Millionnaires care little,
Finding their City briek, to leave it stone.
Who of them e'en contributes jot or tittle
To make the huge Metropolis stand alone
In splendour, as in spread of mile on mile?
Great Midas, no! That's not at all their style.

But cleanliness, and safety? There you'd think
Their stodgy slow Batavian souls might lighten:

To have it made a midden or a sink
You'd hope might sicken them, or, if not, frighten.

Bah! Would you know how greed can blind and harden,
Good Stranger, go and look at Covent Garden!

Take civet with you, take carbolic acid,
And then—nose-pinching—gaze upon the

SOOTHS
BALFOUR can contemplate with patience placid.

Noblesse oblige? How very, very green
He must be who conceives that lofty station—
In London—brings a sense of obligation!

Stale almost as its smells the old old story
Of foul Mud-Salad Market! Very like!
Wrong, spite of stout attack, too oft grows hoary

Before 'tis felled; but Right must strike and strike.

What are we waiting for, with rising gorge?
MUDFORD's convenience—or the Cholera Scourge?

He will not shrink, or spare, or huckster slowly.

What make you, Muckrake, with your filth-clogged broom?

A garbage-bed for him? A task unholy!
One warning more! If in this gathering gloom

Mephitic, foul, he rise, grim shape of Fate,
Vain pleadings, Muckrake; they will come too late.

Fast or Breakfast?

Do the various complainants against the despotism of the "Autocrat of the Scotch Breakfast-Table" really mean to say that the extensive Licensed Victualler, so called, will allow them no breakfast except at *table d'hôte* times, and refuses to allow them to be served with a mess of porridge, or a roll and an egg, or a slice of ham and a cup of tea or coffee, at their own hours? Can the tourist in the Land of Cakes obtain no cake except just when that imperious and bloated Bung pleases? If so, any traveller contemplating a tour in Scotland had better be provided with a portable spirit-stove and supply of provisions, so as to constitute himself his own "Cook's Tourist."

QUESTIONABLE COMPARATIVE.—The present PREMIER has credit for getting on better than the former did with Foreign Powers. Why? Is LORD SALISBURY a greater person than the Grand Old One? Yes, they say he is a *persona grata*.



ONE WARNING MORE!

SCENE—Mud-Salad Market.

Mr. PUNCH (*Inspector of Nuisances*). "NOW, THEN, MY NOBLE STICK-IN-THE-MUD, I'VE TOLD YOU TO CLEAR UP THIS PLACE LONG AGO. WAKE UP, OR IT WILL BE TOO LATE!"



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OLD STYLE.



NEW STYLE.

* * A contribution towards the next illustrated work on English Manners and Customs by the Author of *John Bull et son Lie.*

BRER WOLFF TACKLES OLD MAN TURKEY-BUZZARD.

"The PORTER is likely to proceed with excessive caution in the negotiations with Sir H. D. WOLFF."—*Standard.*

"UNCLE REMUS," said the little boy, "how did Brer Wolff get on with Brer Alligator, after all?"

"Who? Brer Wolff?" queried the old nigger vaguely, as though not quite seeing the bearings of the question.

"Well, Uncle REMUS, you know you said that Brer Bison and Brer Fox and old Brer Hare and Brer Coon agreed to send Brer Wolff to take the measure of Brer Alligator's back and mouth, and—"

"Co'se I did, honey, co'se I did," interrupted the old man. "But bress grashus, honey, gig atter gate don't allers mean statten' fo' home."

"Didn't Brer Wolff go, after all, then?" asked the little boy.

"Did'n' say dat nudder, honey," responded Uncle REMUS. "But dat sheep-akin wut I tell yer Brer Wolff wrop hisself up in sorter did'n' quite cover him, en de udder beastesses dey look at him mighty suspicious like, dey did, en Brer Wolff he up'n sez ter Brer Fox, sezee, 'Seems ter me dey sorter spishun sump'n,' sezee. En dis kinder tarrify Brer Wolff, en he skasely knew w'at he gwinter do."

"And was Brer Fox terrified, also?" asked the little boy.

"Bress grashus, honey, dat he was'n. Who? Him? You dunno nuthin' 'tall 'bout Brer Fox ef dat's de way you puttin' him down. Seem like nuthin' wouldn't tarrify Brer Fox, he wuz jes' as peart ez a circus pony all de time, he wuz. But Brer Bison, en Old Brer Hare, en Brer Coon, dey palaver longer wunner nudder like dey ain't quite see der way thro' der goober patch; en Miss Meadows, she look on, en Gran' Ole Man Rabbit, he lay low en watch. Gran' Ole Man Rabbit he ain't say onnything skazely, kase he sorter nussin up his voice, ez wuz monstus weak longer much palaversomeness. But his eyes mighty sharp still, en dey ain't miss mos' nuffin'."

"'Bout dis yer time Brer Pig he out up didos like he useter, en mos' people 'speat ez Brer Bison, en Ole Man Hare, en Brer Fox, en Brer Coon ud des come down on Brer Pig kerblam, en make him feel sorter splimmy-splammy, like dey allers say dey'd do if dey only had der own way wid Brer Pig."

"And did they?" asked the little boy.

"Not dey, honey," returned the old man, with scornful emphasis. "Soon's dey get de power derelves dey cool off like po'in spring water on one er des yer biggity fires. Brer Fox he done get mighty famillious like wid Brer Pig, en fus things you know dey wuz hail-

fellers, kaze Brer Pig he say Brer Fox ain't bin bodderin him like dem udder beas's; en Brer Fox he 'low ez mos ev Brer Pig's didos wuz all erlong er Gran' Ole Man Rabbit en his gang. Dio yer raize a lotter toof-chompin' mong de udder beastesses. But Brer Fox he ain't keer. En Brer Bison, en Ole Man Hare, en Brer Coon feel sorter skeer'd. But Brer Fox he ain't keer. En ez fer Miss Sally, ez useter back up Brer Fox, she let out like she'd knock de natal stuffin' outer him wid her 'brella, cos' he'd done gone en disgraced der ole fambly. But Brer Fox he aint keer."

"But about Brer Wolff and Brer Alligator, Uncle REMUS?" asked the little boy, with youthful persistency.

"Dat's des w'at I wur gwinter tell yer 'bout!" said the old man, calmly. "All dis yer scumfishing wid wunner nudder tuk time, en Brer Wolff he tuk time, en sorter primped hisself up, 'fore he sot out ter see Brer Alligator en Brer Turkey-Buzzard."

"Brer Turkey-Buzzard?" queried the little boy, in surprise.

"Co'se honey," replied Uncle REMUS, "Brer Turkey-Buzzard he mighty artful, en he had a sorter hitch onter Brer Alligator's tail. Gran' Ole Man Rabbit he ain't bin sorter nabersome wid Brer Turkey-Buzzard nohow, but Brer Wolff ez wanted to bridle Brer Alligator like wat I tell yer afore, he 'low he'd drop in en see Brer Turkey-Buzzard fust, en ax 'em Howdy, en kinder see how de land lay. Brer Turkey-Buzzard he mighty smart he is, en he aint de one ter run fis' en foot at no Tar Baby, he aint, en so he sorter smile en wink his eye, lippity-clippity, en den he lay low en wait for Brer Wolff ter come round de cornder."

"En now you'd better lay low too, honey, en you'll see sumpin' wun time erudder," concluded Uncle REMUS for this time.

From the Saucy "Sunbeam."

COMING on board, the Axe-Minister warmly hugged the owner of the *Sunbeam*, exclaiming, "Em-Brassey moi!" Merry ANDREW CLARK said he'd heard this before. Mr. GLADSTONE is gradually recovering tone, but the partial loss of voice, if it continues, would at Election time still render him *hoarse de combat*. He is now on the *Sunbeam*, cruising. Mr. GLADSTONE going about—(he often has to "go about")—on a *Sunbeam*, sounds like the Yankee who went round the world on a flash of greased lightning. When he gets well, he will once again have a voice in the affairs of the nation. His umbrella will be re-covered about the same time as his voice. Merry ANDREW CLARK is one of the lifes and souls of the party.



A REMINDER.

Old Lady. "NOW, PORTER, YOU'RE QUITE SURE YOU'VE PUT ALL MY LUGGAGE IN?—THE BIG PORTMANTLE AND—"

Porter. "ALL RIGHT, MUM."

Old Lady. "AND YOU'RE CERTAIN I'VE NOT LEFT ANYTHING BEHIND—"

Porter. "NO, MUM, NOT EVEN A COPPER!"

MAJESTY AND MAGIC.

SOME interest, in the face of the present aspect of affairs in Eastern Europe, has naturally enough attached itself to what, under usual circumstances, would have been a very commonplace event. It appears that "by special decree of the SULTAN," a French charlatan who had appealed, through his Embassy, against the prohibition of his public performances by the Constantinople Police Authorities, was the other day appointed "Court Conjuror in Ordinary to His Majesty," with a salary, official dress, several orders in paste, and other perquisites, as befitting his important position.

The report states that the SULTAN, having expressed a wish to see the prestidigitateur in question, and witness a specimen of his *leger-de-main* off-hand, the latter, happening to commence his entertainment by the familiar appeal to his audience "to lend him half-a-crown," His Majesty was not only so keenly touched with sympathy at this immediate effort to borrow, but was, moreover, put into such excellent good-humour when it was discovered that not a notable in the apartment had a single halfpenny in his pocket, that he ordered the Minister of the Household to draw up the necessary form of investiture on the spot, and dispatched the Financial Adviser to the Imperial Treasury forthwith with a polite autograph-letter to the British Ambassador, asking for the loan of the required sum "on the usual terms."

After a slight delay, which, involving some awkward pauses, at one time threatened to cause a little uneasiness in the distinguished circle, the money, arrived with the kindly meant, but significant, message "that it must really be the last," and the familiar experiment was proceeded with. The trick is too well known to need any description, suffice it to say the accustomed feats of wrapping up the half-crown in a handkerchief, firing it from a gun, and eventually cutting it out of a prepared orange, were dexterously performed, and gave infinite delight to the attentive and highly cultivated audience.

The only hitch occurred when the Minister of Finance, who, thinking he was holding up the half-crown in a box which really contained two guinea-pigs, a canary, a cup of hot coffee, and the nine of spades, by some mishap let the well loaded casket slip down his sleeve, and, evidently not noticing what he had done,

excused himself for leaving the room suddenly on the plea that "he had just seen a friend waiting for him on the other side of the way," through the palace window. At the conclusion, however, much to the surprise of everybody who had noted this little incident, the money was found safe enough inside the fruit, from which it was cut by the SULTAN himself, who instantly put it into his own pocket, at the same time graciously observing he should keep it as a special memento of the great pleasure the whole performance had afforded him.

The making of a plum-pudding in an Imperial *hatt* next followed, and before he left, the versatile entertainer promised, at the special request of His Majesty, on a subsequent occasion, to make the Russian Minister, HALIM PASHA, and several other objectionable Court functionaries, disappear permanently under a canvas extinguisher.

The SULTAN seemed highly gratified by this announcement, and after conversing cheerfully for some time with those about him as to the possibility of introducing *leger-de-main* into the Naval and Military accounts, and of "improving" the Budget on the same mysterious lines, took his departure, privately, and unattended, for the *Ra-hat-la-khoum* quarter.

(EX-) "COMMUNICATED."—Excommunication, in Norfolk, at a place called Saham Toney (ever in possession of the *Tony Lumpkin* family?) is not "according to COCKER" by any means, but "according to COCKER,"—specially if the Clergyman finds himself out of his reckoning with his Bishop.

THE only Ecclesiastical Establishment in Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S New Republic would probably be the famous Order of "The Monks of the Screw."

THE TWELFTH OF AUGUST.



Brac-mar.

The glory of the August days
Is with us upon moor and lea.

The grouse are calling in the ling,
Where yonder tufts of heather rise,
Or, whirling on impulsive wing,
Look black against the clear blue skies.
A shot! The old cock topples down,
The first to rise and first to fall;
Or, haply blazing at "the brown,"
The eager sportsman misses all.

No matter. Breast the coming hill,
Next time take steady aim and true,
And well we know the bag shall fill,
Or ere there falls the evening dew.
Far better this than Rotten Row,
Or all the wrangles of the House,
To walk where Norland breezes blow
In August, and to slay the grouse.

There's a new life in the moorland air,
Far dearer this than foreign lands,

And wot we Cleveland hills
are fair,
Where Guisbrough's ancient
abbey stands.
No sight more beautiful
we crave,
Than this our eager eyes
dearly;
For lo! on yonder watchet
wave,
The white sails flash
'twixt sea and sky.

The mist is on the distant
hills,
The presage of the noon-
day heat,
The murmur of the moun-
tain rills
On all the air is silver
sweet.
The yellow gorse-bush is
ablaze,
The heather rolls a purple
sea;

The glory of the August days
Is with us upon moor and lea.

The grouse are calling in the ling,
Where yonder tufts of heather rise,
Or, whirling on impulsive wing,
Look black against the clear blue skies.
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'twixt sea and sky.

For-far.

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 16.



A LIBERAL GARDEN PARTY IN A CONSERVATORY AT WOODEN DOLLIS HILL.

Our Artist, having gone away for a holiday, has forgotten to send us either the Picture itself or the names of the persons in it, but has forwarded a "Pictorial Key," which we publish. We offer a Prize of one of Mr. Punch's Half-Yearly Volumes to anyone who, within ten days from the date of publication, scores the largest number of correct guesses at the names of the Members of Parliament intended to be represented in the above Key.

IZAAK WALTON'S COMPLETE(LY) DONE ANGLER.

Ghost of PISCATOR.

Ghost of VIATOR.

Viator. Whither away, Master? A good morning to you! I have stretched my legs to catch the train to Tottenham, and here I find you with rod and basket, as of old.

Piscator. Faith, Scholar, I have even been too long an angler with NERO, in the lake of darkness, and would fain take a chub, Tottenham way, and see mine old haunts.

Viator. Then have with you, Master; and I do mind me of pretty MAUDLIN that hereabouts would sing us, "Come, Shepherds, deck your heads!"

Piscator. Ay, Scholar, methinks MAUDLIN was the Siren that led thee to the River Lea more than all my wisdom. But here we are got to Tottenham, and to the waterside.

Viator. Oh, oh, Master, what place is this, and what smell cometh to my nostrils? See, see, Master, here be no chub, but two dead dogs and one departed cat!

Piscator. In sooth, Scholar, the country seemeth strange, and no man may live, nor fish neither, hard by such an open sewer. Can this be the Lea? Nay, Scholars, this is no place for honest anglers more. But hither walks CORYDON. Let us ask him what makes this blackness in the water, and the smell that abides here, as they say frankincense and myrrh do cling, more sweetly, to the shores of the blessed Arabia. What ho, CORYDON, what cheer?

*Corydon.** Sir, the condition of the River Lea is something really fearful. From Tottenham downwards the water is a mere open sewer, emitting the most noxious exhalations. Boating and bathing have ceased, and the River is now only a danger to the neighbourhood.

Piscator. Say you so? And what maketh that it should be so?

Corydon. Ah, Master, the drainage of Tottenham is turned bodily into the stream, and, in spite of Local Boards, the nuisance continues unaltered.

Piscator. And why right they not this wrong; for, marry, the poor folk here will die, and a pestilence be bred, if ye live not more cleanly.

Corydon. Sir, no man knows this better than the Tottenham Authorities themselves, who cause a horrible, disgusting nuisance to the dwellers on the Lea. They simply sow disease broadcast among thousands of helpless people, to save the expenditure of a certain sum of money.

Piscator. Penny wise, and pound foolish—penny wise, and pound foolish! Soon shall we have the Great Plague here again, and none to blame but the chuckle-headed "Authorities," my Masters! Come away, Scholars, come away. The silver Lea is bedraggled. 'Tis no place for peaceful ghosts, that would be quiet, and go a-fishing.

[They vanish.]

* Not being a ghost, Corydon does not talk in the style of 1670.

LIBERAL CRY FOR THE COMING ELECTION.—"Umbrellas to Mend!"

PAPERS FROM PUMP-HANDLE COURT. MY LONG PROFESSIONAL SERVICES RECEIVE RECOGNITION.



AVING given the amount of work that pours into my chambers very careful consideration, I recently came to the conclusion, that in spite of its satisfactory vastness, I yet had some little leisure to devote to an appointment of a quasi-judicial character. Looking about me, the first eligible post

that attracted my attention was a Deputy Coronership, which was offered to me on the top of a drag at Epsom during the last race but one on the Derby Day. I had accompanied the party, of which the Coroner was one, to the meeting in question in the hope of settling the matter off-hand. As a rule I am decidedly averse to the race-course, but consented to appear on this occasion for the purpose I have already avowed. The Coroner, who had been a little reserved during the earlier part of the day, became most friendly after luncheon, and pressed me, with tears in his eyes, to accept the appointment. Seeing that he was suffering under some excitement (he was wearing a false nose and had decorated his hat with small Dutch dolls), I thought it better to say I would send my reply on the following morning, by post, so that he might have a written record of my approval. This seemed to please him deeply. Indeed, he wept like a child for five minutes, and then succumbed to a heavy slumber. However, the matter came to nought, as my emotional friend qualified shortly afterwards for Hanwell.

Rather out of spirits at my failure re the Deputy Coronership, I entered one morning, just before the Long, the Court presided over by Mr. Justice DENDLEKINS, and to my surprise, found my friend and quondam school-fellow, HARTMAN, seated on the Bench beside his Lordship. "Conkey," (so we used to call HARTMAN at Westminster) seemed as astonished to see me as I was to recognise him. He hurriedly joined me in the corridor. "Hullo," he cried, shaking me violently by the hand, "what brings you here?"

I was pleased at his recognition, as some of the juniors who had been doing nothing particular all the morning in the Court, had followed me out, and having seen HARTMAN on the Bench were much impressed that I should be on familiar terms with a person of such evident distinction. So I explained that I had come over from another court, having a few minutes of leisure. I trusted that my friend would be taken for some great lawyer conversant with my marked forensic ability—say for, instance, the Lord Chief Justice of the United States.

"Indeed!" said Conkey. "But what made you put on a wig and gown? Are you a Barrister?"

This question showed such lamentable ignorance on HARTMAN's part that I thought it well to hurry him away. I was not sorry, being *en garçon* (my wife and children were enjoying a few weeks of osone at Herne Bay) when he subsequently asked me to dine with him at his Club. During dinner I explained my position, and told him my hopes and fears about obtaining an appointment.

"I say," he exclaimed suddenly, "couldn't old DENDLEKINS help you? He's not half a bad chap."

I replied that I had already made an application, with accompanying testimonials, to his Lordship, and had been answered with a curt acknowledgment of receipt. Judging by reference to tradition I did not expect much, consequently, from Mr. Justice DENDLEKINS.

"Look here: you come down to my box on the 12th, and I will see what I can do for you," impulsively cried my friend, and although I argued that I was an indifferent sportsman, he would take no refusal.

Somewhat to my trepidation the first person that I met at the hospitable board at Highmoor was Mr. Justice DENDLEKINS, who had managed to devote a portion of his vacation to the chase of the wily grouse. Thanks to HARTMAN's kindness I was seated next his Lordship, who was most gracious, telling me several mirth-provoking stories, until, by one of my remarks showing a deep knowledge of the intricacies of scientific law (it was a definition of a contingent remainder), it suddenly occurred to him that I must be a member of the Profession to which he himself belonged. I admitted the impeachment, when Mr. Justice DENDLEKINS immediately assumed a haughty demeanour and answered all my further questions in monosyllables.

When we had got to the coffee-and-cigars stage of our dinner, HART-

MAN, seeing that the relations between his Lordship and myself were strained, called upon me to show how I could balance a cork on a wine-glass, with the assistance of two pendent fruit-forks. This I declined to do, thinking that it was rather beneath my dignity, until urged by Mr. Justice DENDLEKINS, who, it appeared, although extremely fond of sleight-of-hand tricks, was but an indifferent amateur conjuror. My feat was loudly applauded, especially by his Lordship, who practised it under my direction for some time, wishing, as he said, to become proficient in the art himself.

"Oh, Judge," cried HARTMAN, "SNOUT (that's what we used to call BRIEFLESS at Westminster) knows lots of games like that. Draw him out, and make him show you the whole bag o' tricks."

After this his Lordship was more cordial, and before retiring to rest condescended to say that "he was pleased to have met me, the more especially as the imitation tallow-dip converted out of a section of an apple and a split almond was new to him and very ingenious."

I got up early, very early, the next morning, as I wished (being, as I have already said, an indifferent sportsman) to have a little private practice with my gun before I joined the more experienced votaries of Diana. As I walked along I noticed that another member of the house-party seemed to have the same purpose. He was apparently undersized and fat, but as his back was turned towards me, and I am rather short-sighted, I failed to recognise him. Suddenly he came to a wood, raised his gun, and fired. Then he hurried up to the spot where his quarry had fallen, and peered into the bushes. Seemingly much moved by the sight that met his view, without touching the victim of his skill, he quickly retraced his steps, and seated himself under a tree, evidently suffering from extreme agitation. Curious to learn what had so moved him, I approached the bushes. Horrified too at the sight, I gently raised the slaughtered creature in my arms, and approached the guilty one. We recognised one another, and he turned pale. I was profoundly shocked.

"Mr. Justice DENDLEKINS," I said at last, solemnly, "it is my painful duty to denounce you as a vulpicide!"

"My dear Mr. BRIEFLESS, it was purely accidental, I can assure you," explained the Judge, in a voice broken with emotion.

"I do not require your assurance, my Lord," I returned, more in sorrow than in anger, and taking a sort of painful pleasure in summing up, as it were, against his Lordship, continued gravely: "but both you and I know that by the unwritten but traditional common law of this realm of England, one who shoots a fox is considered more guilty, more to be shunned and hated, than he who shoots a man."

"True, very true," admitted his Lordship, with a shudder.

"Mr. BRIEFLESS, this is a case both you and I, as members of a noble profession, must hush up. The Bench and the Bar have, from time immemorial, been on terms of the utmost cordiality, and you and I must keep up the tradition."

I was silent and unmoved. I looked out into the distance sternly.

"Mr. BRIEFLESS," continued his Lordship, after a painful pause, "I have been reading the testimonials you were good enough to forward to me, and—"

"My Lord," I interrupted, "no appeal from the Bench to the Bar has ever failed to meet with a response. For the honour of the profession this tragedy must be a secret between us."

I have nothing more to say, save that owing to the arduous professional duties additionally imposed upon me by my recent appointment by Mr. Justice DENDLEKINS to a Deputy-Assistant-Revising-Barristership, I may be unable, for a very considerable time to come (a period that will undoubtedly include the whole of the Long Vacation), to give any attention to literary composition.

A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

A Little Change Wanted.

SOME Somebodies (no matter who, we read it in the *Daily Telegraph's* fashionable news) have left Town for Cadlands, on a visit to Lady Somebody Else. "Cadlands!" what a name! Cockneydom is nothing in comparison with it. Is the shubbery at Cadlands called "The Snobbery"? Why not change it at once, and, in order to

break it gently, previous to altering it entirely, call it "Arry-on-the-'ill"? But "Cadlands"! Lands of Cads! No, no; reform it altogether!

THE EGYPTIAN LOAN.



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CELIBACY OF THE ERMINE.—It appears that great difficulty is experienced on Circuit by the Sages of the Law in working the new system of "single Judges." Materfamilias is naturally rejoiced to hear that an arrangement so objectionable as that of the single Judges system doesn't answer.

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